

1894 September, 1894

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

THREE.

Three comrades walked with me when life was new,
And one was Youth, whose brow from care was free;
The second one was Joy, who danced and sang
The other, Hope. These left me company
Until a day when Youth "farewell" did say
And left me at a turning of the way.

Fair Hope walks with me still, but keeps her eyes
Lifted to where the hills of heaven shine,
And Joy (whose other name is Peace), remains,
Though in her face I see a light divine,
But well I know, when past earth's toll and pain,
Sweet Youth, once lost, will then be mine again!

—Helen Percy in Good Housekeeping.

A LOVE AFFAIR.

The girl I am going to tell you about is rather pretty, and her name is Edith. She has dark hair, and her eyes are blue, and she dresses well. She has been graduated from a seminary of good repute, and her disposition is amiable to a degree which more than a year ago brought all the young men of the neighborhood at her feet. I think she won a tennis championship in singles some where last year, but I am not certain about that. What I can recall among her most pronounced accomplishments I will put down here later on. I met her so long a time ago that I have forgotten the circumstances of our meeting, but I guess they were of the ordinary sort. I live two doors from her house, and I drop in to see her and Mrs. Burke at least once a week. Even her marriage, which hurt me so much at the time, did not separate us for very long, and I think I have lived to forget my first rash determination never to look upon her face again. I called the night of the wedding, and I have been calling regularly ever since. I am beginning to believe that it was a good thing, after all, that she didn't marry me.

What I want to tell—and it won't take long to tell in my dry fashion—is the story of old Browne's courtship. I make my living by keeping the cash accounts of a big Market street wholesale house, and Browne is the man whose desk is next to mine in the counting room. Our salary is about the same, and although he is two years younger than I am, I being 51 now, we both have held the same positions for 20 years. Browne weighs more than 200 pounds, and I weigh a trifle less.

Mrs. Burke, who is Edith's mother, came to me this summer and had quite a long talk with me about her personal affairs. She said that her late husband's estate was pretty much entangled, and that to keep her present establishment on Arch street going she would have to rent some of the handsome rooms in the house to boarders. Of course she didn't want to do that, and of course I deprecated the plan, but in the end it turned out that we both had to give in.

Old Browne rented the second story front room the day after I told him about it. He had been living away up town, and he was glad to get a little nearer to the office, besides enjoying all the social prestige which geographical conditions could give him. He moved into the rooms with a dozen trunks and a wealth of bric-a-brac, which, to my mind, did not become his age. Mrs. Burke was glad to accept the reference to me which he gave her, and Edith smiled upon him when she gave him his night key.

I thought a good deal of Edith, and every night or two we played cards in her mother's rooms. She and I played partners against young Bob Smith and Mrs. Burke. We were pretty evenly matched, too, for Bob played a stiff game of whist, and I—well, you may remember that I was one of the Pentecost club's prize team last fall. Edith and I won most of the games, though, for Bob was too infernally lazy ever to do anything well. And then he never seemed to mind it if he lost.

The presence of old Browne annoyed me a great deal, and I don't mind saying so. About a week after he took his rooms there I felt him occupying my seat at the whist table when I called. He was fumbling the cards in his awkward fashion, and Edith was laughing at him. Bob was engaged in giving an imitation of me telling a war story, and even Mrs. Burke was approving the ridiculous proceedings. I coughed, and that stopped the game, but I was uncomfortable all the evening. But Bob had the good sense to apologize, but old Browne simply tittered for an hour over what he seemed to consider a good joke on me.

After that all my affairs seemed to go wrong, and I began to seriously consider whether I shouldn't rent every room in Mrs. Burke's house myself. I was actually contemplating this proposition one night in my own apartments, smoking my last bowl of tobacco, when the door said that a man had called to see me. I have few callers, and I thought it might be Mr. Phipps, the managing partner of my house, whom I had invited to come to see me more than a month ago.

With this idea in mind I told the girl to delay the man below stairs for a moment while I slipped into other clothes. Then the door opened, and old Browne came ambling in. I was disgusted on the instant, but I managed to conceal my real feelings and invited him to be seated. He looked all around him to

see if I was alone, set his hat on the floor and then accepted my invitation with a kind of sigh.
"Thank you," he said, "I only want to see you for a moment."
I offered him a pipe, and he declined it. I told him my cigars were out.
"It doesn't make any difference," he said. "I'd rather not smoke. I came here to ask you some things about the Burkes."
The Lord only knows how I looked at him as he hesitated for a moment.
"I have seen enough of them," he went on, "to believe that they are perfectly respectable people—otherwise I would not have taken lodging there. You and I are old friends, and you will take away even the slight doubt there is in my mind. Are they perfectly respectable?"

Somehow or other I managed to nod my head, but his presumption was paralyzing me.
"Thank you again," he proceeded. "The reason that I asked you is that I am going to marry Edith."
It took me a couple of minutes to master my emotions, but I am proud to say I did it. My reply was cool—almost chilly.
"Indeed!" I said. "Has she accepted you?"

"No, because I haven't proposed yet. I have given the matter a good deal of thought, but before I took so serious a step in my life I wanted some such wise old head as yours to advise me. Now I am happy, and we'll get married at once."

He shook hands with me, and the old idiot didn't notice that I failed to respond. At the door I managed to ask him this question:

"What makes you believe she'll have you?"

He seemed astonished.
"Have me!" he repeated. "Why, she's been after me ever since she knew me. I'll settle it tomorrow evening."

As he turned the stairs I noticed that he had on a suit of new clothes, a white vest and a red necktie. He said something about feeling like a schoolboy, and I rushed back to my room more affronted than I had ever been before in my life. I can always think best when I am in bed, and so I undressed and got under covers very quickly. When I had thought diligently for an hour, I turned over and said this to myself:

"The old fat beast! The idea of her marrying him! I'll propose myself to her tomorrow morning. She has been expecting it, I know, for a long time." I didn't sleep very well and arose a little after 7 o'clock. It took me an hour to dress myself, and having no appetite for breakfast I only drank a cup of strong coffee. I then walked nearly a mile before I had decided what to say and was barely satisfied with the result. Edith was the sort of a girl to be particular about such things, and I wanted to please her fancy.

Mrs. Burke came to the door and was just as much surprised to see me as I thought she would be.
"It was very good of you to come so soon," she said, "and I didn't think you knew it yet."

"Knew what?" said I.
She pulled me inside the hall and looked at me, half smiling and half tearful.

"Didn't you come to—er—congratulate anybody?"

Then I sat down on the hatrack and shook my head. I felt that it was all over, and that old Browne had won, and never in my life did I suffer so much misery in so small a space of time.

"Then," said Mrs. Burke, "I am glad to be able to inform you myself. Edith and Bob are engaged to be married."

I arose and sat down again. I thought of many things, but only one sentence struggled through my lips.
"Does—does old Browne know about it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, but it won't interest him. Before he went down town this morning he told me that he would have to give up his room on account of the sun shining in it too brightly in the morning. I'm going to turn the whole house now over to Edith."—R. B. Cramer in Philadelphia Times.

CEREMONIAL MANNERS IN JAPAN.

Etiquette Has Become Second Nature in the Land of the Mikado.

Given a highly imitative race like the Japanese, and let one undeviating standard be set before them. Then generation after generation will no change be witnessed. The standard will act like the force of the French academy on the language of France. Now, at home, in America, we have 50 standards of manners—the reserved and reticent New England manners, the slap up on the back far western manners, the demagogue's manners, the drummer's manners, the cut and dried business man's manners—these and dozens of others might be specified. And it must be admitted by even the most patriotic that the man who should try to model his deportment on all these varied, almost saluting, salutes, distinct saluting shoguns. The whole ceremonial became organized into them as much as their instinctive habits into our settees and pointers, perhaps the best mannered of our population.

Little girls of 10 will one see here whose finish of breeding would have awakened the envy of a duchess at the court of Louis XIV at Versailles. Female servants one will encounter at a dinner in the house of a Japanese gentleman whose grace, charm and dignity are the quintessence of ladylike refinement. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." The simple fact is that the young woman of 30 has been doing the thing for a thousand years.—Christian Register.

The protection afforded to the earth by snow is shown by Ebermeyer in the "Influence of Frost." In one observation the temperature of the air above the snow was 6 degrees below zero. Under the snow the thermometer stood at 33 degrees.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A QUERY.

When Nellie's silent, I am puzzled.
Queer, ain't it?
One day I asked her what it was
A man could give and still retain.
"Oh, dear," said she, "another man."
And signed as if she were in pain.
When Nellie speaks, I am puzzled.
Queer, ain't it?
"I can't imagine what there is
That you can give and still retain.
Caudrums seem to be your biz."
"My word," said I, "she signed again."
I thought one day I would propose—
My queer resolve.
I told my love and asked her hand.
She coyly blushed and sweetly said:
"You wish it? You may have it," and
Upon my bosom dropped her head.
Alas, doth man reap what he sows?
My query solve.
When her I asked to set the day,
She pretty said, "This hand I'm giving,
For I can also give a way
A thing, yet keep it—draw the line."
—Robert Fletcher Woodward.

SCENES IN NAPLES.

Some of the Incidents of the Street Life of the Neapolitans.

The commonest people of Naples seldom buy anything from the stores or shops, but patronize peddlers and street hawkers almost exclusively. At the portable kitchen booths a bill of fare is offered to the hungry wayfarer that is laughingly reasonable in price and varied in kind. Besides the ever present macaroni the principal articles of food are the fruttu di mare, "sea fruits," including mussels, polypi and sea spiders, all regarded as most tempting delicacies by the ever hungry lazzaroni.

Then there are roasted fishes of all kinds, maize dumplings, so called spighe, and finally the national meat food, called brascione, which is really a dumpling or cake made of lamb meat and lard. Small soup is another delicacy as well as cheese with bacon (la pizza). Like all southerners, the Neapolitans show a marked fondness for sweets of all kinds, and they would be quite lost without their portion of struffoli, a rather tough cake made principally of honey. Then nothing appeals to the lazzaroni appetite so insidiously as the famous Easter cake of Casatiello, which is sprinkled most temptingly with fluid pork fat, and in which whole eggs are baked, shell and all, a questionable dainty to uneducated palates.

The lazzaroni women are seldom beautiful and generally not even pretty. They are usually poorly built, with swarthy complexions and irregular features. Now and then one finds a fastidious pair of eyes of great beauty, but rarely. The Neapolitan women are not to be compared with the women of the country as seen in Rome and in the Campagna, whose trim figures, graceful movements and frequently charmingly fascinating faces so often greet the eye of the traveler. Their fullness of form, proud bearing and fine profiles are all conspicuously absent in the wives of the lazzaroni. And how could it well be otherwise? Are they not "beasts of burden" for "beasts of burden"? Are the facchini, by reason of their occupation, much more than this?—Home and Country.

One Way of Saving 5 Cents.

I heard a good story that brings out Russell Sage's laying up for a rainy day hobby. It seems that Russell seldom if ever misses the directors' dinner, spread every day in the Western Union building, after which he is not averse to an inexpensive cigar, and just here it is not amiss to suggest that Russell should smoke tobies, which would furnish his tobacco solace for the small sum of three for five, which is just in his line.

While at the cigar stand, fishing around his not at all fashionable costume for the requisite coin, an acquaintance arrived and planked down 15 cents for an imported weed. The cunning old manipulator of the destinies of Wall street

lamb saw an opportunity here to make a turn in the cigar line. Producing a dime, he laid it beside the acquaintance's 15 cents and then suggested to said acquaintance to order two for a quarter. As the brand the gentleman wanted retailed for 15 cents straight or two for a quarter the foxy Russell secured a 15 cent for 10 cents. This is a lesson in economy, so there's no use saying anything about the other phase of the deal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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ODDITIES OF SCOTCHMEN.

Some Delightful Peculiarities Pointed Out by an Excellent Authority.

Some delightful oddities of Scotch character are given in Wilmot Harrison's new book, says The Scottish American.

Professor Adam Ferguson, the author of "Roman History," at whose house Burns and Scott met for the first and only time, eschewed wine and animal food, "but huge masses of milk and vegetables disappeared before him. In addition, his temperature was regulated by Fahrenheit, and often, when sitting quite comfortably, he would start up and put his wife and daughters in commotion because his eye had fallen on the instrument and he was a degree too hot or too cold." Yet at the age of 72 he started for Italy with but a single companion to prepare for a new edition of his "Roman History," nor did he die till he had attained the age of 92.

Another "character" is Dr. Alexander Adam, rector of the high school and author of a work on Roman antiquities and a man of extraordinary industry. When at college, he lived on oatmeal and small beans, with an occasional penny loaf, in a lodging which cost him fourpence a week. In later life he devoted himself absolutely to the work of teaching. In addition to his classes in the high school he appears to have had for his private pupils some of the most eminent Scotchmen of his day.

Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, a member of a Scottish family distinguished during several generations in connection both with church and state, appears to have given wonderful Sunday suppers. "This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back from his small house in the east end of Queen street to his church, with his hands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane and his cardinal air; preached, if it was his turn, a sensible, practical sermon, walked home in the same style, took tea at 5, spent some hours in his study, at 9 had family prayers, at which he was delighted to see the friends of his sons, after which the whole party sat down to roasted hares, goblets of wine and his powerful talk."

An Awful Death.

A local band was one day playing at Dummerline when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what was they were playing.

"That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster.
"Aye, man," remarked the weaver, "ye ha' gien him an awfu' death."—Dundee News.

JOHN SULL'S HUMOR.

It is of the Fat Witted Kind—What Americans Think of It.

Hawthorne, observing Englishmen in England, speaks of them as "heavy witted." Emerson alludes to their "savage stupidity." Howells has introduced to us some typical specimens of English respectability and rank baffled in their chase after American humor, but on the score and arriving at the point of appreciation after considerable silent thought, sometimes lasting into the next day, and here is the testimony of Lowell from his recently published "Letters." In a letter written in 1889 from England to Professor Norton he thus explains the warm reception given to Buffalo Bill by London society:

"But I think the true key to this eagerness for lions—even of the poodle sort—is the dullness of the average English mind. I never come back here without being struck with it. Henry James said it always stupefied him at first when he came back from the continent. What it craves beyond everything is a sensation, anything that will serve as a Worcestershire sauce to its sluggish palate. We, of finer and more touchy fiber, get our sensations cheaper and do not find Wordsworth's emotion over a common flower so very wonderful. People are dull enough on our side of the ocean stream also, God wot, but here unless I know my people I never dare to let my mind gambol. Most of them, if I ever do, look on like the famous deaf man at the dancers, wondering to what music I am capering. They call us superficial. Let us thank God, dear Charles, that our nerves are nearer the surface, not so deeply embedded in fat or muscle that we must take a pitchfork to us."

The Car Cure.

We do not know, but we strongly suspect, that our electric railways are encouraging the car cure. In fact, Europeans are gravely discussing the effects of electric railways on rheumatism, and many sufferers take the car cure with regularity and supposed benefit. They get as near the motor as possible and cast longing eyes on the trolley. As a noted and eminent English physician gave as the result of his life's observation "that fully two-thirds of the ailments of humanity were purely imaginary," we can readily see how the car cure for rheumatism is very efficacious.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE STATE. It seems strange to talk about a State located far north of the divide of the Evergreen. Pennsylvania and Ohio, as being an Evergreen State. In the Evergreen State, the country above the 40th parallel the grass is green all winter and never turns out of doors in December. Write to P. J. Wadley, St. Paul, Minn., C. P. & T. A., of the Great Northern Railway, for a brochure "In by 177 miles from the East to the West Coast, for publications about the Evergreen State."

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TIME TABLE

THE HARBOR LINE

CARRYING PASSENGERS LEAVE

TRAFFIC

NAPOLEON. GOING WEST.

No. 45, Toledo & St. Louis Ex. 6:09 a.m.
No. 41, " & Kansas City Ex. 11:21 a.m.
No. 37, " & Defiance Ex. 5:57 p.m.
No. 43, " & St. Louis Ex. 6:21 p.m.
No. 47, " & Ft. Wayne Ex. 9:20 a.m.

GOING EAST.

No. 42, St. Louis & Toledo Ex. 6:31 a.m.
No. 38, Defiance & Toledo Ex. 7:05 a.m.
No. 46, Kansas City & Toledo Ex. 3:10 p.m.
No. 44, St. Louis & Toledo Ex. 8:52 p.m.
No. 40, Ft. Wayne & Toledo Ex. 12:25 p.m.

Daily except Sunday. C. M. BRYANT, Agent

Baltimore & Ohio R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MAY 20th, 1894.

STATIONS.	8	6	16	46	14
CENTRAL TIME.	10:45	9:00	6:05	4:15	6:45
Lv. Chicago.....	PM	PM	PM	AM	PM
" Defiance.....	4:30	8:35	1:40	AM	12:37
Ar. Monrovia.....	8:50	8:50	PM		
" Sandusky.....	9:30	9:30	PM		
Lv. Mansfield.....	7:57	PM	AM		
" Mt. Vernon.....	8:56	PM	5:22		
Ar. Newark.....	9:35	PM	5:58		
Lv. Newark.....	9:45	PM	12:15	6:10	15:15
" Zanesville.....	10:30	PM	12:56	6:51	7:05
KATHY TIME.	2:35	PM	4:55	10:45	11:35
Ar. Wheeling.....	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM
" Pittsburgh.....	7:10	7:30	4:15	4:15	4:15
" Washington.....	2:10	4:45	PM	4:04	
" Baltimore.....	3:15	6:05	PM	5:15	
" Philadelphia.....	6:05	8:18	PM	7:53	
" New York.....	8:25	10:55	PM	10:55	

West-Bound.

STATIONS.	7	5	105	111	17	15
CENTRAL TIME.	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM
Lv. Defiance.....	3:15	5:30	6:50	11:10	AM	4:10
Ar. Chicago.....	9:00	11:05	PM	6:40	7:20	

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